perfect idiots. It is inconceivable how the Duke of Brunswick, who has a reputation, can direct the operations of his army in so ridiculous a fashion.

13th, Gera, *2 A.M.*.

(To the Empress.) I am to-day at Gera, my dear friend; my affairs go on prosperously, and as I had hoped. With the aid of God, things will assume a terrible complexion, within a few days, for the poor King of Prussia, whom I pity personally because he is a good man. The Queen is at Erfurt with the King. If she wants to see a battle, she can indulge that cruel whim. I am wonderfully well, fatter than when I started, and yet I get over twenty or twenty-five leagues each day, on horseback, in carriages, in every sort of a way. I go to bed at eight, I am up again at midnight; sometimes it occurs to me that you have not yet gone to bed!

Within three or four days we shall fight a battle which I shall win. It will take me to the Elbe, perhaps to the Vistula. There I will engage a second battle, which I shall also win. Then . . . then . . . but that's enough, and we must not romance. Clarke, in one month you will be governor of Berlin, and you will be quoted as having been in one year and in two different wars, governor of Vienna and of Berlin.

(Bulletin.) Consternation reigns at Erfurt where the King, the Queen, and the Duke of Brunswick still are. But while they deliberate the French army is marching. Ever since the campaign opened the weather has been splendid, the country full of supplies, the soldiers healthy and strong. The men cover ten leagues in a day's march, without a straggler; the army has never been so fit.